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## LEGAL NOTICES.

George R. Gordon,
vs.
Ada Elizabeth Gordon. } No. 2911. Divorce.

To Defendant Ada Elizabeth Gordon, is hereby notified that a suit in chancery has been commenced against her in the district court of the third judicial district of the Territory of New Mexico, sitting within and for the county of Grant, by George R. Gordon, the complainant herein, praying for a decree of absolute divorce from said defendant, and alleging as grounds therefor that the said respondent has abandoned and deserted said complainant.

That unless you enter your appearance in said suit on or before the second Monday in April, 1894, the same being the ninth day of April, 1894, a Decree Pro confesso therein will be rendered against you and said cause proceed to a Final Decree according to the law and the rules of said Court.

W. LAMBERT,
Clerk and Register in Chancery.

J. B. McMILLIN, Albuquerque, N. M., Att'y for Complainant.

Also per publication: George R. Gordon vs Ada Elizabeth Gordon. No. 2911. Divorce. Defendant: Ada Elizabeth Gordon. Se hace saber que se ha entablado una demanda en Chancería en este Territorio en contra de ella en el distrito judicial del territorio de Nuevo Mejico tenendo sesion dentro y por el condado de Grant por el demandante George R. Gordon pidiendo decreto de divorcio absoluto de la demandada por razon de abandono que se ha seguido y ocasionado en el demandante; y que a menos que usted aparezca para el primero dia de Abril en el mes de Abril del presente año, el dia de Lunes de Pascua, se dictará sentencia en su rebeldía y se procederá según la ley y las reglas de la Corte.

W. LAMBERT,
Secretario de la Corte.

J. B. McMILLIN, Albuquerque, N. M., Abogado del demandante.

### Notice for Publication.

Land Office at Las Cruces, N. M.
March 8, 1894.

Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before U. V. McKeever, U. S. Commissioner, at Deming, N. M., on April 14, 1894, viz: D. H. Correll of Deming, N. M., who made H. E. Entry No. 1798 for the S. W. ¼ Sec. 32, Tp. 23 S., R. 8 W.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz:

S. B. Birkhead, Joseph Burns, W. R. Merrill, J. P. Byers, all of Deming, N. M.

Any person who desires to protest against the allowance of such proof, or who knows of any substantial reason, under the law and the regulations of the Interior Department, why such proof should not be allowed, will be given an opportunity at the above mentioned time and place to cross-examine the witnesses of said claimant, and to offer evidence in rebuttal of that submitted by claimant.

SAMUEL McCLURE, Register.

First Publication March 10th.


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Horse Brand: L on left hip.

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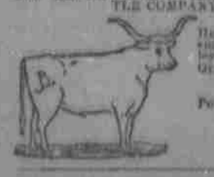
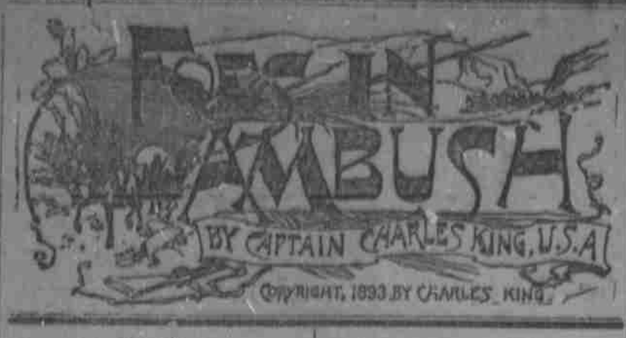


Range, Alamo Hueco, 45 miles east of Playas valley, southwestern Grant county, New Mexico.
Postoffice, Deming, New Mexico.

ALBERT LINDAUER.

Range, Hatchet valley, south of Deming.
Horse Brand H— on the left hip.
Postoffice, Deming, N. M.


### Synopsis.

Major Plummer, an army paymaster, is escorting the pinto with a safe of greenbacks for the garrison troops in Arizona. His escort assembles in charge of a veteran sergeant named Wing. The pony kahs at Moreno's ranch, near Rillito river. A stranger giving his name as "Red Harvey" calls at the ranch and states that himself and a small party are escorting his two sisters across the plains. Their father, a wealthy citizen of Tucson, A. T., was to have met them near Moreno's, but has failed to do so, and his children fear that he has fallen to a Mexican murderous Apache. Half a dozen troopers, led by Corporal Donovan, are sent with the stranger as protection for his sister.

Later two of the troopers return, greatly intoxicated and bringing a note signed "Red Harvey," to the effect that Indians have burned the Harvey ranch and carried off the girls. Fanny seems a ruse to rob the paymaster. Suddenly a beacon fire is seen at an angry signal station on the crest of a distant range, a warning never displayed except the Apaches are on the warpath. CHAPTER II.—Late that night a scouting party of United States cavalrymen, under Lieutenant Drummond, is rounding the plains from another direction to find Moreno's. One of the troopers mysterious recruit, a border stage driver, named Bland.

The riders stumble upon the body of a dead trooper, which proves to be Corporal Donovan. They descry the tell-tale beacon at the signal station, and shortly after a second fire flares up the sky around Moreno's. Hurried after dark on the evening the beacon was lit at the signal station a draft wagon and a Concord pilloted by the real Red Harvey and conveying his sisters Ruth and Fanny pass by the station on the way to Moreno's. The signal officer in charge, Sergeant Wing, has met the girls in Tucson, and after greeting them and whispering to young Harvey a few the rumors about Indian raids starts to climb the signal hill.

He suddenly assaulted, lassoed and dragged to a tree, bound and gagged. At the same time the signal pile of dry fuel bursts into flames. At the sight of the signal beacon Major Plummer sends a second party of soldiers out to rescue the Harvey girls, leaving only Sergeant Fanny, the paymaster and his clerk and the crippled trooper to guard his safe.

Henceforth Moreno is secretly leagued with the "greasers" bandit gang of one Morales. Red Harvey and his sisters reach Moreno's. Next two strangers ride up and ask for shelter. Fanny recognizes them, and the fight opens. Major Plummer's party and the Harveys are barricaded in the ranch.

CHAPTER V.—Moreno openly joins the outlaws. They fire the ranch buildings. Fanny and Ruth throw are undaunted.

VI.—The bandits led by a man in cavalry uniform plunder the ranch, carrying off the Harvey girls and the safe. Drummond's party arrives. Fanny and Harvey are found.

"No, only the smattering we pick up at the Point and what 'broncho' Spanish I have added to it out here. Where did you learn it, sergeant? They tell me you speak it like a native."

Wing's sunburned face—a fine, clear cut and manly one it was—seemed to grow a shade or two redder.

"Oh, I have spoken it many years. My boyhood was spent on the Pacific slope. Pardon me, sir, I want to look

cavalryman saved you from worse fate. You've got a battered head, a broken arm and had the breath knocked out of you, and that's about all. But we'll have you on your feet by the time the fellows come from Stoneman."

"But how about the young ladies?" again asked Drummond wearily and anxiously, for his head was still heavy and painful and his anxiety great. He was weak, too, from the shock. "Won't they suffer meantime?"

"Well, they might—at least Miss Ruth, the younger, might in the reaction after their fearful experience, but I'm something of a doctor, as I said, and I shall be able to prevent all that."

"How?"

"Well, by giving her something to do. Just as soon as they've had a chance to rest, both young ladies will be put on duty. Miss Ruth is to nurse you."

"Suppose she doesn't want to?"

"The case isn't supposable, lieutenant. She would have gone into hysterics this morning, I think, had she not been detailed, as a preventive, to hold your head. At all events, she quieted down the instant she was told by her sister to climb into the wagon again and sit still as a mouse and see that your face was kept cool and moist and shaded from the glare." And now Sergeant Wing's lips were twitching with merriment, and Drummond, hardly knowing how to account for his embarrassment, asked no more. His amateur surgeon chatted blithely on.

"There's an abundant store of provisions here—dried meat, frijoles, chile, chocolate. You shall have a cup to a moment. There's ammunition in plenty. There's even a keg of mescal, which, saving your presence, sir, as I am temporary commander, shall be hidden before the men begin coming in with their prisoners. There's barley in abundance for horses and mules, water to drink and water to bathe in. We could hardly be better off anywhere."

Drummond looked curiously about him so far as was possible without moving his palmetto-like head. He was lying in a deep recess in some dark and rocky canyon whose sides were vertical walls. Tumbling down from the wooded heights above—rare sight in Arizona—a little brook of clear, sparkling water came brawling and splashing over its stony bed at his feet and went on down the gorge to its opening on the sandy plain. There, presumably, it narrowed into the bosom of the earth, for no vestige of running stream could the Cababi valley show. The walls about him were in places grimy with the smoke of cook fires. Overhead, not 50 feet away, a gnarled and stunted little cedar jutted out from some crevice in the rocks and stood at the edge of the cliff. A soldier was clinging to it with one hand and pointing out toward the east with the other. Drummond recognized the voice as that of one of his own troop when the man called out:

"Two of our fellers are coming with the old yellow ambulance, sergeant, but I can't see the others."

"All right, Patterson. Try to see where the rest have gone and what they're doing. I'll send the glass up to you presently. What I'm afraid of, lieutenant, is that in their rage over Donovan's death, and Mullen's and all the devil's work done there at Moreno's and your mishap, too, the men have become uncontrollable and will never let up on the pursuit until they have killed the last one of that gang. Those two who are coming in with the bodies of the Morales brothers probably have wearied horses, or perhaps Lee ordered them to stay and guard the safe. The last I saw of any of the gang they were disappearing over the desert to the south, striking for Sonora pass."

"I wonder they didn't all come in here," said Drummond.

"Well, hardly that, lieutenant. They knew they would be followed here, penned up, where their capture would only be a question of time. A hundred cavalrymen would be around them in a very few hours, and we could send to Lowell for those old mountain howitzers and just leisurely shell them out. Then, when they surrendered—as they'd have to—the civil authorities would immediately step in and claim jurisdiction—claim the prisoners too. We'd simply have to turn them over to justice as a matter of course, and you know, and they know, that the only judge apt to sit on their case would be that of one eminent frontiersman and fellow citizen—Lynch. They are scattering like Apaches through the mountains and will reassemble and count noses later on. Thanks to you and C troop, they have lost all they had gained and their leaders besides. No, sir, they won't stop this side of the Mexican line."

"There's one, Wing, I hope to heaven they'll never lose sight of till they run him down."

"Who's that, sir?"

"The fellow who was enlisted in C troop last winter at Tucson and deserted last night to join this gang. He drove for the stage company last year and was discharged. He gave his name as Bland."

"Bland! Henry Bland!" exclaimed Sergeant Wing, leaping to his feet in uncontrollable excitement. "Do you mean it, sir? Had he enlisted? Do you mean that he was the man Miss Harvey spoke of—the disguised soldier, she called him?"

And Drummond, amazed at Wing's emotion, gazed up to see the sergeant's features working almost convulsively, his face paling, his eyes full of intense anxiety.

"Why, I cannot doubt it, sergeant. He ran away from us on the discovery of Donovan's body and rode straight for Moreno's, beating us there probably by an hour or so, for no one happened to miss him."

Wing's hands were raised on high in a gesture almost tragic, then dropped helplessly by his side. With a stifled groan the tall soldier turned abruptly away and went striding toward the opening of the canyon, leaving Drummond wondering and perplexed.

When, a quarter of an hour later, the sergeant returned, bringing with him some improvised splints and bandages, and Drummond believed it his duty to make inquiry as to whether he knew Bland and what was the cause of his excitement, Wing turned his grave, troubled face and looked his young superior straight in the eye.

"Mr. Drummond, I have known that man for good and for ill many a long year. If our fellows have killed him, let his crimes die with him. If he is brought in alive—brought to trial—I may have to speak, but not now, sir. Bear with me, lieutenant—not now."

Was Drummond dreaming? He could have declared that tears were starting in the sergeant's eyes as he turned hastily away, unable for the moment to continue the setting and bandaging of the broken arm.

"Take your own time, Wing," said the young officer gently. "Speak or keep silent as you will. You have earned the right." And the sergeant mutely thanked him.

The primitive surgery of the frontier took little time, and with his arm comfortably and closely slung Drummond lay impatient for the coming of his men, impatient perhaps to hear a softer voice, to feel again the light touch of slender fingers, yet in his weakness and exhaustion dropping slowly off to sleep. All efforts to keep awake proved vain. His heavy eyelids closed, and presently he was in dreamland.

Meantime Sergeant Wing had busied himself in many a way. First he had gone to loosen old Moreno's bonds—enough, at least, to relieve his pain, yet hold him securely. The soldier sitting drowsily on the rock beside the prisoner gladly accepted permission to put aside his carbine and go to sleep.

"I'll watch him, Mat," said Wing. "You lie down there, Moreno, and see to it that you make no effort to slip a knot while I'm at work here. How far away is that ambulance now, Patterson?" he called to the man on lookout.

"Halted down at the edge of the plain, sergeant. That's where they struck water first, and I reckon they couldn't make up their minds to come further. I can make out one or two of the fellows coming back far down the desert to the south. Horses played out probably."

"Anything to be seen across the valley along the trail we came?"

"Nothing, sir; not a puff of dust. But here's something I don't understand—off here in the range south of us—well up toward the top."

"What's that?" asked Wing, dropping the coil of lariat he held in his hand and looking quickly up.

"Well, it's more like signal smoke than anything else. Just exactly such smoke as we have seen in the Chiricahua and Catarinas and— Well, just come up here with your fieldglass, if you can, sergeant. I believe there's an answer to it way down to the southeast—t'other side of the valley."

In an instant Wing turned. "Sorry for you, Senor Moreno," he grimly muttered. "But as only two men are with me, and both are otherwise engaged, I'll have to secure you temporarily. It isn't elegant, but it serves you right."

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In vain the Mexican pleaded and protested. A rawhide riata was wound and looped about him in a few scientific turns, and he was left reclining against the rock, conquered yet inwardly raging, while Wing stole in to Drummond's rude couch, slipped the fieldglass from its case, then, with a longing look into the darker depths beyond, and a moment's hesitation, he stepped to the projecting rock that seemed to divide the cave into two apartments and called in lower tone, "Miss Harvey."

"Here, Mr. Wing. What is wanted?"

And at the instant, prompt, alert, even smiling, Fanny Harvey appeared before him. The pallor was gone. The disheveled hair had been twisted into shape. Food, rest, relief from dread and misery and that little appreciated beautifier, fresh water, had wrought their transformation here. Wing's handsome eyes glistened as he removed his hat.

"I have to go up to that point yonder a few minutes, leaving old Moreno alone, bound, to be sure, but his wife or daughter might slip out and release him. Will you have the goodness to take this and shoot him if they should make the attempt?" And he handed her his pistol.

"I'll see to it that no one interferes with him, Mr. Wing. What has happened? Are the others coming?" And she took the revolver, balancing it in her accustomed and practical hand. The admiration deepened in Wing's gaze.

"I see you handle a pistol as though you had used one. You're a true frontiersman's daughter. I'll have to be away for a few minutes. I'm going up to look from our rock above there. Some of our men, they say, are in sight slowly returning, and the paymaster's ambulance is only a mile away, probably waiting for the rest of the party. How is Miss Ruth?"

"Sleeping like a baby, bless her heart."

"Well, I have promised Mr. Drummond that she should be his nurse. I hope you will consent. He is sleeping too. No fever yet. I am thankful to say."

"Ruth will be ready, and so will I, to help in any way we can. But when are you to have a rest, may I ask?"

"O-oh—by and by. Lee and the others must have theirs first. They have been in saddle much longer and farther than I. When is Miss Harvey to have her rest, may I ask?"

"W-e-l-l, I don't know. I'll say, 'perhaps by and by' too. Look, that man is calling you."

Whirling about, Wing saw his sentinel beckoning, and in a moment he went clambering up the rocky trail, active as a mountain Apache.

"What is it, Patterson?"

"It is signal smoke, sir, across the valley. That isn't more than eight miles away, and down here in the range isn't more than six. What Indians could be out here, I would like to know! Do they grow everywhere in this infernal country?"

Wing took his glasses and long and earnestly studied the bluish white clouds rising in puffs, faint and barely distinguishable in the opposite heights, then fixed his gaze upon the filmy column soaring up among the dark pines at the heart of the range to the southward. His face grew graver every minute.

"Stay here and watch," he said. "I must go and get those other men in with the ambulance. Of course if it is Apaches, they've sighted that party and the few men straggling back, and those signals mean, 'close in on them.' I'll send the team right in and then ride and hurry the other fellows out."

The sun was retiring behind the Cababi range as Wing went leaping down the trail.

"Sorry for you, Dick, old boy," he said to his horse, who was drowsing in the shade. "More work for us both now."

Never stopping to saddle, he leaped upon the bare, brown back and went clattering down the canyon.

"Keep your eye on Moreno, there!" he shouted up to the lookout. "If he tries to slip away, shoot him."

Ten minutes' brisk gallop through the windings of the gorge brought him to the edge of the sandy plain. There, under a little clump of willows, was the ambulance, its mules unhitched and hoppled securely, nibbling placidly at such scant herbage as they could find.

The horses of the two guards, unsaddled, were drooping in the shade, too tired to hunt for anything to eat.

"Saddle up, men. Hitch in and get that team to the head of the canyon, lively now," was his brief order to the sleepy trooper who greeted him, carbine in hand.

"What's up, sergeant?" queried another, springing out from the willows. "Lee told us to wait here, or wherever we could find shade and water."

"Wait? How long and what for?"

"Blessed if I know how long. None of 'em ain't in sight from here coming back, but 'what for' is easy to answer. The paymaster's chest."

"The paymaster's chest?" cried Wing. "Why, isn't that here in the ambulance?"

"Not a hinge of it. Those greasers swapped it onto an apparejo while we were all running for Harvey's daughters. The money's half way to Sonora by this time."

### CHAPTER IX.

Peaceful as was his rest, Drummond slept only an hour or so. For months he had lived in the open air, "on the warpath," said his captain, a veteran who had won his spurs twice over by the way of the remainder and declared himself quite ready to take his ease now and let the youngsters see for themselves the hollowness of military glory. Weariness and physical exhaustion had lent their claims, and despite bruises and many a pang, despite the realization of the presence of the fair girls whom his dash and energy had rescued from rubber hands, the young fellow had dozed away into dreamland. Why not? The object of his mission was accomplished. Fanny and Ruth Harvey were safe. All that was left for the party to do now was rest in quiet until another morn, then it would be quite possible to start on the return without waiting for the coming of their friends. Before sunset his men would be reassembled. They could have a long night's sleep, and with the rising of the morrow's sun, convoying their three wagons and their captured treasures, the little detachment would take the back track for the Tucson road, confident of meeting "old Harvey" and probably a doctor on the way. He himself, though most in need of surgical attention when they reached the caves, had such confidence in the skill of Sergeant Wing as to feel that his arm was set as perfectly as could be done by almost any other practitioner, and before dropping off to sleep had quite determined that he would make the morning march in saddle.

Still, he could not sleep for any great length of time. The instinct of vigilance and the sense of responsibility would not leave him. In his half dreaming, half waking state, he once thought he heard a light footfall, and presently as he dozed with eyelids shut there came a soft touch upon his temple. Lifting his hand he seized that of his visitor—Fanny Harvey.

"Why are you not resting?" he asked. "And where is Ruth?"

"Ruth is sleeping, as we hoped you might be. 'Tired nature's sweet restorer' is all you need, Mr. Drummond, yet you do not seem to have had more than a cat nap. Twice I have stolen in here to see you, and then, though I was fearful of waking you, you slept peacefully through it all."

"Well, I must have slept a couple of hours anyway, and I slept soundly until within the last few minutes. Has none of the men got back yet, Miss Harvey? Do you know what time it is? I suppose Wing is sleeping."

"Mr. Wing ought to be sleeping, but he isn't. The sentry—Patterson I think they call him—summoned him up to the lookout there in the rocks, ah, about an hour ago, and when the sergeant came back he mounted his horse and rode away down the canyon. He said there was something requiring his attention. But you are to drink this chocolate and lie still."

Drummond slowly strove to rise. He was too anxious, too nervous, to remain where he was.

"And none of them has returned yet?" he asked. "I cannot understand that. No, please do not strive to detain me here. I'm perfectly able to be up and about, and if Wing is gone it's my business to look after things."

Over among the rocks across the narrow canyon the first object to meet his gaze as he arose was Moreno, reclining there bound and helpless, while at hand a soldier had thrown himself on his saddle blanket and was sound asleep. The plash of the waters in the brook, dancing and tumbling down the chasm, made sweet, drowsing music for his ears, a lulling, soothing sound that explained perhaps the deep slumber of his trooper friend.

"I heard Mr. Wing tell that man to lie down and sleep," said Miss Harvey as the young officer's eyes seemed to darken with menace at the sight of a sentry sleeping on guard. "Moreno is securely tied, and both Patterson up there and I here are now his keepers. The senora and her daughter are in the other cave, forbidden to go near him."

Glancing up at the stunted cedar where Patterson stood faithful to his trust, Drummond saw that he was peering steadily southward through the black fieldglasses.

"What do you see, Patterson?" he hailed. "Where is Wing? Any of the men coming back?"

"Wing has gone on down the valley, sir. Some of our fellows, two or three only, were coming back, but they didn't come fast enough to suit him. The ambulance will be here in a minute or two—it's just below us down the canyon now."

Indeed almost at the moment the click of iron shod hoofs was heard, and the dejected mule team came into view

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.


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B. Y. McKEYES,
AGENT,
Deming, New Mexico